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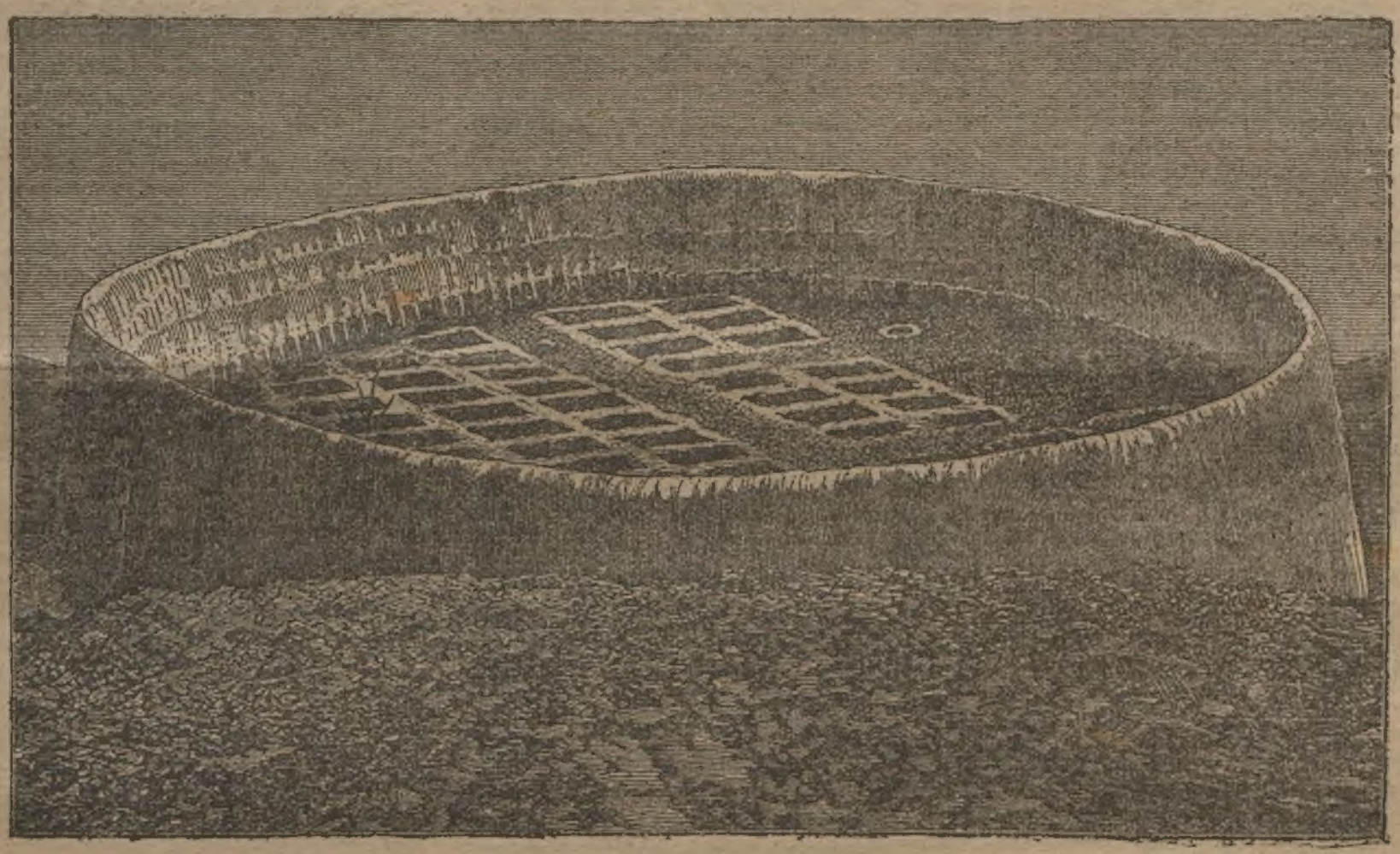
The Parsis

Malabar Hill, in Bombay, India, an elevated point of land jutting out into the sea, affords one of the most charming views that can anywhere be found. On the top of this hill, made specially beautiful by gardens, may been seen a strange building called 'The Tower of Silence,' a bird's-eye view of which our cut shows. The walls of the building are of granite, about twenty-five feet high, and the huge structure has no windows and but one small door. As you will see, it is open to the sky. It is the place to which the Parsis bring the dead bodies of their friends and there leave them.

And who are the Parsis? They are the descendants of the ancient fire-worshippers of Persis who fled to India about the year 720 A.D., when their country was conquered by the Mohammedan Arabs. They form a distinct though not very numerous class of people. By the last census there were 85,000 of them in India, 73,000 of whom were living within the Bombay Presidency. They are an intelligent and well-to-do class, much in advance of the Hindus about them. They are fire worshippers, though one of their members claims, 'We do not worship the fire or the sun, we worship him of whom they are the type.' But another Parsi says that in his childhood he did worship the sun, and that should one watch the Parsis of Bombay at sunset he would see them bowing down to it, and would feel sure they were worshipping the sun. Their sacred book is the Zend Avesta, and their prophet is Zoroaster, who is supposed to have been born in the twelfth century. The Parsis are money-getters pre-eminently; they are engaged largely in trade, and many of them are successful and rich. Of the Zend Avesta, Sir Monier Williams says: 'It is a jumble of a few sublime thoughts mixed up with an overwhelming mass of superstitious ideas expressed in the most obscure and corrupt form of language.'

Among the singular customs prevalent among these people one concerns their very birth. A Parsi must be born on the ground floor of a house, since he ought to commence life in humility and advance upward as he grows older. They are greatly given to ablutions, chiefly with the idea of keeping off the evil spirits. At the age of seven years a young Parsi is subjected to religious ceremony, during which he is bound with a cord or girdle, made up of seventy-two threads, after which he is supposed to be morally accountable. One noticeable point, quite contrary to the practice of all other classes in India, is the custom among the Parsis of permitting the girls to go through the same ceremonies and to visit the temples and recite the same prayers as do the boys. They are said to be the only class of people in the world who do not use, in one form or another, tobacco or some similar noxious weed. This does not appear to be from any high principle, but chiefly on account of cleanliness. The Parsis are much given to feasting, their feast days being numerous and marked by much eating and merrymaking. The religious ceremonies which accompany these feasts have been thus described: 'A number of priests assemble in one of the rooms of a fire temple, bringing a portable fire vessel which is placed on the ground with offerings of fruit, flowers and wine. Two priests attend to the sacred fire, while the others sit around and repeat prayers, praises, and thanksgivings conjointly. Laymen also attend, but each repeats his own prayers separately. The fruit and wine are then shared by all present.'

The most peculiar of the Parsi customs are those connected with the disposition of their dead. At the time of death the hands and feat are tied and the body dressed in white clothes. A dog is then brought in, which by his keen scent is supposed to drive away evil spirits. Priests in attendance are praying for the soul of the departed. Inasmuch as no Parsi may touch a dead body, attendants deliver it to four pall-bearers, who are dressed in spotless white. A procession of priests and relatives then moves toward the Tower of Silence. After ceremonies and prayers before the door, the bearers alone enter, laying the corpse upon the stone floor, and then retire. All round the place may be seen at any time a swarm of vultures, watching their opportunity, and the moment the bearers have withdrawn, these vultures swoop down upon the dead body, and in a few moments nothing is left but the bones clean and bare. The Parsis deem this method of disposing of their dead, so hideous to us, as preferable to burial in the ground. The Parsi priests are very illiterate, not understanding the prayers they say or the portions of their sacred book which they repeat. But these people are becoming much more intelligent through their contact with the English. Only a few of them have become Christians. Yet one of them who did become a Christian said, not long since: 'As a Parsi I gave alms, I burned sandalwood. I said prayers, I attended ceremonies, but I had no peace in my heart. But from the hour I gave myself to Christ I have been full of joy, and my joy grows greater every day.' The chief reason why so few of them have



accepted Christ, doubtless, is the fact that they dread the persecution which would surely follow. One of them said to a missionary: 'It would be a matter of leaving my people. My parents are old: my father is favorable to Christianity, but my mother hates it, and it would grieve me to go against their wishes. But I do love Jesus very much, and I mean to fight under his banner as long as I live.' 'But,' said the missionary, 'you have not the colors or the armor of the Captain you serve under. How will the world know and how are Christians to know on whose side you are?' Doubtless this Parsi knew what his duty was, but he was not ready to do it.

Among the religious precepts of the Parsis are many that relate to benevolence, and they are very liberal among their own people. It is said that in the city of Bombay alone they have no less than thirty-two different charitable institutions. Many of their prominent men have been quite friendly toward our missionaries, though not accepting the gospel of Jesus Christ.

—'Missionary Herald.'

The College Man Who Earns His Own Way.

It is a great advantage to a student to have to put himself through college. He may envy some of his class-mates who can spend money as they wish, yet in the end they may have cause to envy him.

In the first place, it teaches him economy. The student may see many fine articles displayed in the windows; he may hear of many first-class entertainments to be given in the concert halls; he may see his companions having a seemingly better time than he is having; yet owing to lack of money, he is early taught to keep from unnecessary expenditure. This habit of strict economy, when once formed, will prove a great advantage to the young man, when he leaves school to fight his battles in the world.

By being forced to put himself through the University the student is trained in habits of industry. During the summer vacation he has to work and blister his hands; he has to suffer from tired limbs and aching back; he has to rise early and retire late. His comrades are enjoying life at a mountain retreat or a seaside resort, having good sport at boating, bathing or fishing; and the boy who has to earn his own way cannot spend much time at these sports, but the habits of industry which he is forming will stay with him through life.

The necessity for earning his own way only strengthens his determination to finish his course, in spite of the scarcity of money. He sees the goal and makes up his mind that he will reach it.

The young man who has not much money, and yet wishes a college education, can in most cases attain his end. It may be a hard struggle, but at the close there is victory, and much gain in strength of character as well as knowledge.

C. D. J.

'Leave Them Alone'

(H. Martyn Clark, M.D., in the 'Church Missionary Gleaner.')

An objection amongst those made to the work of Foreign Missions to the heathen is this: 'Their religions are good enough for them. They are quite happy in them, so why not leave the poor people alone?' We have all probably heard this argument, if I may so term it, in some form or other, for it takes many shapes. Chameleon-like, its hue reflects that of the background of the utterers' personality. Though it be widespread, variously garnished, speciously put, and backed by reasons of sorts, yet when analyzed it resolves itself into the component crudities of 'good enough, quite happy, let them be.'

To say that the Heathen are quite happy in what they have and that it is good enough for them is to beg the question, which is simply, Is it so? Let the following incident help to illustrate the point.

An old lady, some eighty years of age, was shown into my consulting-room one day. Despite her years she was hale and hearty, erect and commanding, a fine type of the mothers of the hardy and valiant Sikh people of the Manjha in the Central Punjab. These men of old supplied Maharajah Ranjit Singh with some of his grandest soldiers, and under British sway they have maintained their fame by many a doughty deed. My patient made a striking figure with her snow-white hair and her dignified bearing as she said to me—

'Are you he who gives people new eyes?'

'No, grandmother, I am not,' was my reply.

'Ah, woe is me,' she wailed in her disappointment, 'for I have come a weary long way to show myself to the man who is giving people new eyes.'

'Well,' said I, 'though I do not give people new eyes I can sometimes help old ones. Let me see yours.'

Her blindness, which was complete, was due to double cataract. For reasons which I need not detail I hesitated to operate. She begged hard and finally pleaded for the operation with a rough eloquence touching to hear.

'I will spend all I have, will sell what I possess and give it to you, will endure any pain, undergo any privation, if you will but give me a chance to use my sight for five minutes, if no more,' was her cry, and the dumb pathos on her upturned pleading face was as that of one asking for something more dear than life itself.

When I pointed out that at her years, in the course of nature, very speedily eyes must of necessity be a matter of no moment to her, and so it was scarcely worth while for her to undergo an operation, she remained unshaken in her persistency.

'Son, listen,' she said, 'I had but one son. You know what it means amongst us to be a widow. I am a widow, and I brought the lad up in all the sorrow of widowhood, and now he is dead and gone. I have lost my sight in weeping for him. Since my lad died a grandson has been born to me. I have never seen him, and I will give my all to see his face just once before I die.'

'Why so anxious to do that, mother?' was my query.

Her reply was striking.

'You know I am a Hindu,' said she. 'When I die I shall transmigrate into a cat or a dog, or a frog, or whatever is my fate, for we must pass through the eighty-four lakhs of rebirths. When the lad dies he will become a camel or a cow, or whatever is appointed for him. When we have once passed through our present births, to all eternity we never come into touch again. For ever and for ever we are nothing whatever to one another. It is only in the few days of life that I am grandmother and he is grandson. The boy is all I have left me of the son who is gone, and I long to see the laddie's face, if but for a moment, while I am still grandmother and can call him grandson.'

I told her of our faith and hope. In the light we had we knew that in the Father's House were many mansions, and our place was being prepared for us. Death to us was but a river. Some of us were on the nearer shore, others, still our own, were beyond the flood. All of us in the Lord's good time would be safe in the Father's Home, united never to part, with the Father's own Hand to wipe away all tears from our faces. She listened with rapt attention to me, and when I finished she took my hand, saying, 'And yet you talk about going to heaven, you talk about going to heaven! If you only knew it, in those words you have heaven now.' So we have, and the Heathen in their millions, our brothers and sisters for whom Christ died, are yet 'without God and without hope.'

Years have gone by since that morning at the Amritsar Hospital, but the impression of that interview grows no dimmer.

As oft as I hear that the religion of the Heathen is good enough for them, there rises before me a vision of that fine old face worn with the burden of its hopeless grief, hungry beyond words for one sight of a child's face, ere the poor old feet stumbled on the dark mountains. I see once again the tears rolling down from the sightless eyes as the voice murmurs, 'You have heaven now.'

That pathetic figure is the type to me of the myriads whom Hinduism and Buddhism hold hard to-day in the rayless belief in re-incarnation. They face a dreadful night of emptiness, living in the darkness and the bitter sorrow and bondage of a system that has naught to offer but to be broken and rebroken through countless ages on the 'Wheel of Existence,' with Annihilation or Absorption at the end.

Which name better fits these hopeless creeds—the Light or the Blight of Asia?

'Their religion is good enough for them'—Is it?

'Leave them alone'—Shall we?

Mrs. Hetty Green says that 'the trouble with young men who work on salaries is, that they are afraid of doing more than they're paid for. They don't enter into their work with the right spirit. To get on and be appreciated a man must do more than he is paid to do. Men are willing to pay good salaries to people who will think things for them. The man who only carries out the thoughts and ideas of another is a mere tool. Men who can be relied upon are always in demand. The scarcest thing in the world to-day is a thoroughly reliable man.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Spot Beautiful

(Harriet T. Comstock, in 'Christian Register.')

Gretchen stood and looked upon the scene, her beauty-loving soul and orderly spirit sinking with every passing moment. She folded her plump little hands under her neat gingham apron, and sighed and sighed.

It was not a pretty spot upon which she gazed. It was a back yard, surrounded by tall, ugly tenements. The place was strewn with papers and old tin cans. Still, the sun flooded in through a gap between two high buildings and seemed to say, 'Cheer up, Gretchen; where you and I can enter, there is hope.'

But the poor little German maid was too depressed to hear the message just then. She had come but the day before from the sweet, pure country where her father had been coachman on a fine estate. The owner of the country place had died, and the house was closed; and there was nothing for Gretchen's father to do but come into the city, take a position offered him, and make Gretchen, his twelve-year-old housekeeper, mistress of two small dim rooms on the ground floor of the dingy tenement. It was hard.

It had not taken the little maid long to clean the rooms and set in order the scant furniture. When that was done, she was free to seek other pastures; and the dismal back yard was the nearest approach to a pasture that she could find.

Slowly the tears rolled down the round, shiny cheeks. The prospect was dark indeed. Then the inner Gretchen spoke up. The outer Gretchen recognized her at once, dried her tears, and listened.

'Now, see here, my dear, it is not half as bad as you think. There might be a yard without any sun. I have heard of such things.'

Gretchen never had, and she shuddered.

'And you live on the ground floor of the house,' the inner voice went on. 'Just think! Practically you have control of this yard. No one uses it but cats, and you like cats.'

That was true. Gretchen caught sight of one just then, hiding behind some rubbish, and bent to smooth the thin, surprised back.

'Now it's quite out of the question for you to carry all these papers and cans out, but you can sweep them into one corner; and, when people see you so tidy, maybe they will help by not throwing out any more. If you are the sort of girl you ought to be, you will do what you can, and not take the starch out of your fresh apron by crying on it.'

Gretchen smiled broadly. That inner voice always gave such good advice! The sun fairly sparkled at the turn things were taking; and the forlorn cat came from behind the rubbish heap, and rubbed against Gretchen in the friendliest way.

The little girl set to work at once. Her father would not return until night; there was a long day before her. All the morning, with a shovel and broom, she worked with a will; and by noon that back yard, except for the huge heap in the corner, was as tidy as a kitchen floor.

Of course, some children from upper windows had called names and hurled articles down at her, but at length they decided that she was deaf and dumb; and the patience with which she picked up the things they cast out seemed so dull that they at last gave up the teasing, and betook themselves to livelier sport in the street gutters.

At twelve o'clock, Mrs. Murphy, who lived just above Gretchen, opened her window to throw out a can. 'Whativer are yer doing of?' she asked, in amaze.

'Cleaning up,' Gretchen called up, with a bright smile.

'Well, I niver!' ejaculated Mrs. Murphy. And she certainly never had. But she did not throw out the can. Instead, she said:

'You look ready to drop, child. Just go in and fix yourself a bite. That back yard ain't a-goin' ter run away.'

The idea was so sensible that Gretchen acted upon it at once. Tired as she was, she prepared a little 'bite' and enjoyed it hugely, as she sat alone by the spotless table.

That afternoon Mrs. Murphy put a shawl over her head, and went out on a round of calls; and a great many people in the square heard of the queer little German girl who 'cleaned up' a back yard.

The next day Gretchen arose inspired. In some way she must cover up that ugly pile in the far corner; but how? She went out, sorrowfully picked up some things that had been thrown out in the night, then looked up and saw many faces peering out at her from the windows.

'Good morning!' she called up, sweetly. 'Please will you stop throwing things out into this yard? I'm going to try'—her own audacity stunned her—'I am going to try to make this spot beautiful.'

A shout of laughter greeted this; but the child went on, her upraised face shining in the sunlight which was just coming through the gap to see how things were getting on: 'And, when it is beautiful, we can all enjoy it, you know.' Another shout was imminent, but Mrs. Murphy seized her opportunity.

'It's against the health rules, anyway,' she called out, 'and yer all know it. If yer don't quit throwin', I'll write a line mesilf to headquarters.'

This threat had a marvellous effect. The listeners knew the health board of old, and they would do almost anything rather than attract its attention to themselves.

'An' you, there!'—Mrs. Murphy nodded to Gretchen,—'my Patsy is goin' to cart a load of sod to-day. He'll just take that load of rubbish along wid him and empty it out on the dump.' This was a solution indeed! Gretchen danced her thanks, and the inner voice said:

'Now you see what comes of trying!'

Oh, what busy days followed! The hard-working father was delighted at the way his little girl took the change. He had expected to see her droop and fade, but instead she was as merry as a cricket, and sang about her work. She kept her secret about the back yard. That was to be a great surprise.

All the neighbors 'took to' Gretchen at once, at least all the grown-up. The children could not place her. Joyous and sunny-tempered as she was, she never played with them, or sat gossiping on the curb of the gutter. They were half afraid of her, and after a week gave up teasing, finding it but poor sport to call names at a little girl who apparently grew stone-deaf at the first rude salute.

The older folk fairly yearned over Gretchen. She called forth all their hidden tenderness and respect. Mr. Schoonhoven on the top floor actually came down and joined the child in the yard one day, and the two had an excited confab in German. That was a sight. The old man openly expressed his hatred of children, and had never been seen speaking to one before. The onlookers could not hear what he said; but they saw Gretchen beam up at him, and in the end kiss him! The whole square heard of that before an hour had passed. Then another astonishing thing occurred. Mr. Schoonhoven dug up the back yard in the deepest and most approved way; and in the afternoon Patsy Murphy brought a load of fertilizer in his cart, and he and Gretchen, after Mr. Schoonhoven went, raked and hoed all the afternoon.

The sun grew hot with excitement, and day by day tarried later and later, fearing to lose some of the sport that was going on. Then Dicky Martin came to the fore. He was a cripple boy, and lay all day upon his bed, which his mother had drawn to the window. She, poor soul! took in washing; and the small room was often so full of steam that Dick could not see his mother, and that was why he loved to gaze up at the bit of sky above the tall roofs, and wonder how it would seem if he could see more stars than there was room for in the small open space. Since Gretchen came, Dicky's eyes had fallen from the sky, and his days had ceased being lonely. He was very shy; but, when he saw the spot below raked even and smooth, Dicky grew courageous. Raising himself on his elbow, he peeped over the window ledge, and piped out:

'Say, there, girl!' Gretchen looked up. 'I've got a geranium up here. A lady wot visits sick folks gave it to me. It's perishing in a pot. Won't you please plant it in your yard?'

This long speech made Dicky weak, and he fell back among the pillows.

But up the long flights of stairs ran Gretchen, and, to the surprise of Dicky and his mother, she darted into the room, exclaiming:

'Why, it's your yard, too, little boy. Of course, I'll plant your flower. And oh, you just wait!' Dicky gave her the sickly-looking geranium, and, with a merry nod, Gretchen was gone.

'Well,' said the sun, as it looked down at the plant after it was freed from the pot, 'do stretch your roots! Look less peaked. There is nothing to turn pale about down here. This is a regular land of promise!'

'Dicky Martin has given his friendly-visitor flower to the Dutch girl!' whispered Ida Bridget Murphy to a cluster of cronies. 'An' my mother says it would be rale fun if us all each gave one. What does yer say?'

Six hoodlums rose to the occasion, and ruined themselves financially at the tail of a travelling florist's cart. The offerings they sheepishly presented to Gretchen were an outrage upon Nature; but the good old mother understood, and took them to her warm breast and forgave them. One by

one they responded to her and Gretchen, and raised their thankful hearts in a psalm of bloom and fragrance.

Then came the crowning stroke of all. Dicky's visitor called; and, when she heard and saw, she surprised Dicky by promptly bursting into tears, when he thought she would be so pleased!

'The little dear,' said the friendly visitor, leaning out of the window. 'She has made the ugly yard a spot beautiful! It's a miracle, and nothing less.' Then she turned to Dicky: 'But this dry spell may ruin all. O Dicky, I have such a plan! I will send you a hose to fasten on your faucet here, and you can play a stream right in the yard. What do you think of that?'

What did he think of it? Why, it was sublime! He could be a shower and a fireman all at once! Was ever a boy so blessed?

But the landlord heard of the scheme, and he came in from his country home to put a stop to all such tomfoolery. He was not going to have his water-tax raised. No, not he! But, when he saw and heard, and when he remembered his children in the sweet country, and then looked upon the dreary tenements frowning down upon the spot beautiful, he acted just as the friendly visitor had done. He did not really cry, but he looked as if he wanted to.

'Water away!' he commanded Dicky, in thundering tones.

He almost frightened Gretchen out of her senses by saying:

'And as for you, my girl, I ought to raise your rent; but instead I'm going to paper and paint your rooms, and send you in a box of vines and plants from the country. You're a witch, that's what you are! and I'm going to keep on the good side of you!'

The vines and plants came, and they took to their new surroundings wonderfully. They covered the grimy fences with a screen of tender green; and they burst into bloom almost at once, so glad were they to teach their lesson.

Many were the weary, work-worn eyes that looked forward to the day's end and the 'spot beautiful.' The men and women were better because of it, and the children were gentler as they looked at the blossoms in Gretchen's garden.

'Now, what do you think of this?' asked the sun over and over again. And Gretchen? Why she, dear little maid, is the godmother of the flowers, and the sweetest thing of all in 'The Spot Beautiful.'

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John Throckton's Guardian.

(Jane Ellis Joy, in New York 'Observer.')

'Please, sir, lend me a quarter?'

It was a small, ragged boy that repeated the request, addressing a number of passing men one winter night, by the light of the street lamps. Some of the men shook their heads; others passed on without noticing the appeal. Finally, two men who were walking together stopped.

'Why don't you ask me to give you a quarter?' one of the men questioned the boy.

'Because I'm a-goin' to give it back to you,' was the prompt answer. 'I ain't a-beggin'.'

The man that had asked the question laughed not altogether pleasantly.

'Ho, ho, here is refinement,' he said with ironical emphasis to his friend. To the boy he continued:

'Look here, little man, I lend money only on good security. What security can you give me?'

'S'curity?' repeated the boy, helplessly. Then two eager eyes brightened, as the meaning of the word was suggested, and he added: 'I can't give none, only my word and my willin'ness to work.'

The man laughed a great haw, haw. 'Good! You've earned your money, little Ready Wits,' he said, as he tossed a quarter to the boy, and started up the street with his friend.

'Please, sir, you ain't told me your name yet, nor where you live,' pursued the boy.

'Not done with you yet,' said the man sharply, as he stopped again. 'Are you getting up a directory in the interests of beggars, boy?'

'No, sir,' replied the little fellow seriously; 'it's in the interests of you.'

Both men laughed.

'Well, my name is John Throckton, and I live at No. 16 Fairview Avenue,' said the giver of the quarter.

Mr. Throckton's house was large and handsome, and full of fine furniture and works of art. He was very rich, but by no means generous with his money. He had given in this instance merely out of caprice. The boy's manner of asking had amused him. Seldom did he give so much as a quarter for charity. Meanwhile little Bernard Wells invested the borrowed quarter in a loaf of bread, a little piece of meat, and a little paper of tea, and carried the provisions home. His home was a single room in a poor tenement house. His father was dead, and his mother made a living by sewing on shirts. This week, however, she had been too ill to work, and her money was all spent.

'Oh, Bernard, where did you get these things?' Mrs. Wells asked when her son came in.

Bernard told his story.

'We must return the money as soon as possible,' said the mother.

But Mrs. Wells was not able to go back to her work. Bernard earned a little money selling newspapers, but this was needed to buy food and coal. Finally, Mrs. Wells died, and a brother of Bernard's father, a poor, hard-working man, came forward and offered the little boy a home. Bernard worked for his uncle, who kept a little store. But the boy was not given any money. Once Bernard asked for a quarter that he might pay Mr. Throckton, and was laughed at by his uncle.

'John Throckton has too much money already,' the man said. 'He's one of the richest men in town and one of the meanest. I guess I don't want him to get any of my quarters.'

A year passed. Bernard did not forget his obligation to Mr. Throckton. Many were the plans that he made for redeeming his pledged word.

One day when he was passing along a crowded street it was his good fortune to find a pair of eye-glasses that a lady had accidentally dropped, and the lady rewarded him with a quarter.

Bernard set out immediately for No. 16 Fairview Avenue. 'How pleased mother will be! I hope she knows!' he thought to himself as he hurried along with a light, springy gait. His steps were lighter than his heart. It was about five o'clock, and Mr. Throckton had returned from his banking house, and was in his library. He was not particularly engaged, and he told the serving man to show the boy in.

'I came to pay you the quarter,' Mr. Throckton,' said Bernard, advancing into the splendid room, and holding out the money. 'I'm much 'bliged to you fer trustin' me. I couldn't git it fer you no sooner.'

Mr. Throckton gave Bernard a searching look. 'Have you not made a mistake?' he asked. 'I never lent you a quarter to my knowledge, nor do I know you.'

'It was on the street, sir,' said Bernard; 'one night—'

'Oh, oh, yes, I do remember you now. Well, well, well!' Mr. Throckton laughed again as the recollection defined itself more clearly. 'So, you are that little chap that wasn't begging?'

'Yes, sir, I'm him,' and Bernard laid the silver coin on the table beside Mr. Throckton's hand.

The man of business appeared to be interested. 'Well, my little fellow,' he said, 'I confess you have taken me by surprize.' He leaned back in his arm chair, and regarded the boy narrowly while he slipped the quarter in his vest pocket. Mr. Throckton liked to investigate the motives of actions that seemed strange to him. Directly he resumed:

'Now, little boy, if you don't mind telling me, I should very much like to know why you return this money. Didn't you understand at the time that I never expected to see it or you again?'

'I kind of thought that way, sir,' said Bernard; 'but I didn't 'low as that made any difference.'

'Yes, I see,' said Mr. Throckton, 'you wanted to feel that you were honest, and it isn't a bad thing to plume one's self on, either. Was that it?'

'No, sir, I don't know as 'twas,' answered little Bernard thoughtfully, looking his questioner in the eyes. 'It was more this way: If I hadn't brought you back your money you would have thought I was deceivin' you. Then, 'sposin' somebody else'd ask you fer somethin', someone as was real honest, and needin', and you, thinkin' of me and the mean trick I'd played on you, would say "No" to the other fellow, then I'd be 'sponsible. I'd be 'sponsible fer somebody sufferin' fer want of food, and I'd be 'sponsible fer makin' you mean and s'picious and onfeelin'—see?'

Mr. Throckton did not smile now. His

fine, self-satisfied face flushed as he looked at the earnest little speaker before him. He was perhaps more surprised now than he had ever been in his life. He was touched, too. The idea of this crude, little, common street boy considering himself responsible for the doings of John Throckton! The man felt his hardness ebbing away, and in its place there came to him a desire to do something good and worthy with his money. And what better thing could he do, he reasoned, than to care for the child that had been the means of saving him from his own selfishness?

Mr. Throckton's acquaintances were considerably amazed when they learned that the bright-faced little boy that appeared often in Mr. Throckton's company was an orphan whom the rich man had adopted. A friend said to him one day:

'I wonder you were not afraid to assume so great a responsibility, Mr. Throckton, as the guardianship of a child!'

'My little boy was my guardian first,' answered Mr. Throckton, with a smile.

Japanese Politeness.

The Japanese, from the highest officials to the humblest peasants, from the most aged to the boys and girls and little children, manifest such a studied politeness that they invariably and unconsciously elicit favorable remarks from all who visit Japan, and the casual observer concludes it is innate. The courtly demeanor of this people is held in very high esteem amongst themselves. It has been taught for centuries by church and state, until it has become as natural to them as breathing.

The fundamental tenets of their religion teach true politeness as one of the highest virtues; and reverence to parents, deference to old age, and courtesy to all strangers are considered as essential characteristics to a successful career in business, and of acceptable worship before their gods.

The respect paid to parents does not cease when the children are mature men and women, but it is considered a privilege as well as a filial duty to study the wants and wishes of parents to the last hour of earthly existence. The same disposition that is manifested by the children to their parents is exhibited by the parents to their children. The babies and children are not scolded or punished, and the parent who would beat a child would be shunned as a monster. The children of the household, likewise, are remarkable for their courtesy to one another. It is evident that the family circle fosters the germs of the great national trait of ceremonial politeness, and this excellent virtue should be practiced universally, especially by Christian nations, church organizations, and family circles.—The 'Watchword.'

Old Country Friends.

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Miss Barbara's Raspberry Bush.

(Jessie L. Britton, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

I do hope that boy over at the next house won't be troublesome,' Miss Barbara murmured, as she and Miss Julia carefully carried in the box which contained the parlor lamp. 'I just can't have him running out and in here half a dozen times a day tracking in dirt.'

Miss Julia's words and tone were assuring.

'If we don't take any notice of him whatever I don't believe he'll trouble us.'

So Robbie watched and waited in vain for an opportunity to make the acquaintance of his new neighbors.

When the goods were unloaded the truckman went away with his span of white horses and big waggon, Miss Barbara and Miss Julia went into the house and shut the door, and the boy who had been standing on the steps of the next house went in to talk with his mother.

'They don't look half so nice as Mrs. Royce,' he told her.

'But you cannot always tell how good and kind a woman is by her looks,' his mother counseled.

Mrs. Royce had been Robbie's teacher during his first year at school—she was Miss Thompson then—and she had completely won his heart. When she married Harry Royce and moved into the cottage next to Robbie's home Robbie was delighted. For two years the Royces lived in that cottage, then they moved to a distant city and a new family moved in. There were only two people in this family, two elderly maiden ladies, who were sisters.

'Who do you suppose will have the raspberries now?' Robbie asked, after a pause.

'I think the new neighbors will want the berries themselves,' his mother replied.

Down on the bank at the back of the house, where Mrs. Royce had lived, was a thrifty black raspberry bush, and as Mr. and Mrs. Royce did not care for the berries, Mrs. Royce had given Robbie leave to pick them whenever he liked, which was a privilege that he greatly appreciated.

When Robbie first looked out of the window the morning after the new neighbors moved in, Miss Barbara was at her window, and she seemed to be looking right at Robbie, but when he smiled she turned abruptly away, as though she had not seen him.

'It's no use to try, they don't want to be friends; but I don't see how we're going to live so near each other and not be friends,' Robbie soliloquized.

Brother Roger and papa were talking about Godfrey de Bouillon, about whom Roger had been reading, and Robbie's attention was attracted, for he always liked to hear about great men.

How grand the Crusaders must have looked, marching along, shouting their war-cry, 'It is God's will,' each man with a red cross embroidered on the right shoulder. Robbie and mamma talked about Godfrey de Bouillon when papa and Roger had gone down town. Robbie asked a good many questions about the great Crusader who was so willing to forgive an injury to himself if good might come thereby.

'I think it's almost as hard to forgive people when they treat you badly as it is to fight battles,' Robbie said, thoughtfully.

Robbie spent that morning working in his flower beds at the back of the house. There was a little strip of land at the back of Robbie's house and the house where Mrs. Royce had lived, where flowers grew luxuriantly. Mrs. Royce gave Robbie a little set of gardener's tools, divided her packages of flower seeds with him, and taught him how to plant the seeds the first year that she lived in the cottage; and since that time he had been an enthusiastic gardener. In the afternoon he went again to his flower beds, and while there he thought he would go down on the bank just to see if the raspberries were ready to be picked. As Robbie stood looking at them he wondered if the new neighbors had noticed that the berries needed picking. Then he picked one and ate it; it was delicious. He picked another, and ate that; and then—then some dreadful cold thing came dashing upon him with such force as almost to knock him down. He screamed and turned to meet Miss Barbara with an empty water pail in her hand.

'Why, are you here?' Miss Barbara asked in well-feigned surprise. 'You better keep right away from this raspberry bush, for I'm going to take the best of care of it; I presume I shall wet it every day this warm weather, and you'll be liable to get wet again if you're over here.'

Robbie did not wait to hear more; he ran as though for his life for home. When he reached his mother's arms he cried as he had not cried for a long time, and between his sobs his mother could distinguish these words: 'I hate the stingy old thing! Yes, I do!'

Miss Julia met Miss Barbara as she came in at the back door.

'What did he say? I saw you gave him a good wetting.'

'He didn't say anything, but he made tracks for home, and I think he'll stay there now.'

'But don't you suppose his folks will be dreadfully put out about it?' Miss Julia asked, apprehensively.

'If they keep on their land I shan't trouble them, but just as long as we pay our rent here we're going to have what belongs to us, and we're not going to be troubled by boys, either,' Miss Barbara replied, in a very decided tone.

Somewhat later, while the two ladies were still discussing the matter, they were greatly surprised to see the 'troublesome boy' coming up the front walk.

'What on earth can he want now!' Miss Barbara ejaculated.

There was a timid knock at the door, and Miss Barbara answered the summons. There were still traces of tears on Robbie's face, but he spoke bravely.

'I picked only three of your berries, but of course I hadn't any right to touch one. Mrs. Royce didn't care for black raspberries, and she always gave them to me, so I guess I was so used to picking them I didn't think, but I won't ever do so again. I thought you must be real busy, seeing you've just moved in, and won't you please let me pick the rest of them for you to make up for what I ate? I won't

eat one single one of them,' he added, impressively.

Miss Barbara stared in astonishment.

'We are pretty busy, but I guess we can find time to pick them ourselves,' she said, hesitatingly.

'But I want to make it right, and I can't think of any other way, and I wish you'd let me do it,' Robbie pleaded.

And Miss Barbara surprised herself and her sister by saying, 'Well, if you want to so badly, you may.'

Then she brought a bright tin dish from her pantry for Robbie to pick the berries in. After Robbie left the house the sisters looked wonderingly at each other. Then Miss Julia broke the silence.

'He's a perfect little gentleman! But I should not think he would have dared to come over here again. Don't you suppose he hated to?'

'I don't believe he enjoyed it very much,' Miss Barbara said, meditatively.

When Robbie came in the dish was heaping full of berries.

'I picked every one that was ripe,' he said, smilingly.

'I think you must have,' Miss Barbara replied. 'I want you to take some of them home, for you have more than paid for the few you ate.'

'Oh, I don't want to, indeed I don't!' Robbie protested earnestly.

Miss Barbara could see that he meant what he said so she forbore to urge the matter; but as Robbie was about to go home she said, apologetically, and it was a very unusual thing for Miss Barbara to apologize: 'I guess you're a real good boy after all, and I'm afraid I was too hard on you, but I know we shall be friends hereafter.'

'Here comes a conqueror, I am sure,' mamma said, with one of her brightest smiles, as she opened the door for Robbie when he returned.

'Yes, I conquered. It was awful hard to do, almost as hard as some of Godfrey de Bouillon's battles, I guess; but I'm so glad I did it, for she says we're going to be friends now.'

An All-Right Boy.

('Zion's Herald.')

One day just after the public school closed for the summer vacation, the maid at my house came up to my study and said that there was a boy down at the door who wanted to see me.

'Did he tell you his name?' I asked.

'No, sir,'

'And he did not say what he wanted?'

'He did not, sir.'

I was very busy, but I thought I would go down and see what the boy wanted. I found him sitting down in my hall waiting for me, and if I had given voice to my thought when I saw him I would have said, 'What a fresh, rosy, clean-looking boy!'

He rose to meet me, and said, with charming politeness and frankness: 'Excuse me for troubling you, sir, but I am looking for something to do. I noticed that your grass needed cutting, and I thought that I would just call and ask if you would let me cut it.'

I noted that the boy looked me right in the face as he made this request, and I noted also his manly bearing. He stood up straight, and he did not mumble his words or act as if he were frightened or in any way ashamed of asking for work. He did not look to be more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, and I said:

'You do not look strong enough to use my lawn-mower. It is very large, and so is the lawn. I think it would take you all day to cut the grass and trim up the borders.'

'Then I would earn that much more money, and I need to earn all that I can. Perhaps I am stronger than I look. You see I have a good deal of muscle.'

He crooked his arm as he spoke to show me how the muscle swelled up in his sleeve. Then he added:

'I am very anxous to get work while there is no school. It is pretty hard for my father to keep me in school nine months of the year because he has but a small salary, and there are four children younger than I at home. I want to get work to help father out. I have a chance to go to the country and stay all summer on a farm where I could earn my board, but I'd like to earn more than that, and then mother needs me at home mornings and evenings.'

The perfect sincerity of the boy and the honest look in his brown eyes pleased me and I said :'You may try your hand cutting my grass, but if you find the work too hard you'd better give it up.'

'Thank you,' said the boy. 'It will have to be pretty hard work if I give it up. If you will get me your lawn-mower and a rake and grass shears, I will go right to work, and if I do not do the work as you want it done, I wish that you would tell me so.'

He hung his light coat on the branch of a tree, pushed back his sleeves, and went right to work. I watched him as I sat at work by my study window. The day grew warm, and I could see that the boy's face was flushed with heat. It was hard work pushing the mower over the lawn, but the boy kept at it. It took nearly all the forenoon to cut the grass with the mower, and when twelve o'clock came I went out and said to him:

'Do you live far from here?'

'Yes, sir; I live away over on the south side of the city.'

'Then you need not go home to dinner. Stay and eat dinner with me.'

'Thank you, but I do not want to give you any trouble.'

'It will not be any trouble.'

'Then I will stay.'

I liked the boy more and more. I liked his direct manner of saying things. He did not 'hem and haw,' as the boys say, nor did he 'beat around the bush' in any way. He came to the dinner table clean as a pin and he ate like a gentleman, thereby showing that he was well bred even if he was poor.

It was about four in the afternoon when the maid again appeared at my study and said that the boy was through and that he would like to have me come down and see if his work suited me. When I went down there was a look of real pride in the boy's face as he said:

'It looks nice, don't you think so?'

'Indeed, it does,' I said, heartily, for the boy deserved this praise. The borders were all so neatly trimmed; not a corner had been neglected. Every small weed had been pulled out of some flower-beds, and the gravel walks had been raked. I liked the boy's honest pride in his work. He had a right to feel proud of it, and I think that the satisfaction he felt in the thoroughness of his work pleased him more than the money he received. The money was of secondary importance. To do the work well was of the first consequence.

It happened that a friend of mine had asked me only the day before if I could tell him where he could find a bright, tidy, ambitious boy who would like a good place in an office during the summer months. Here was a boy who was tidy, honest, manly, and who took genuine pride in doing his work just as well as it could be done. I told the boy to come to me the next day and I would take him with me to see my friend in his office. The boy was on hand at the appointed time, and my friend engaged him on the spot. Three weeks later I met my friend, and I asked him, 'How is that boy doing?'

'Fine!' was the hearty reply. 'I have raised his wages fifty cents a week, and if he wants a steady place when he is out of school, he can have it with me. That boy has the right spirit. He does his work just as well as it can be done, and he is proud of it when it is done. He is all right.'

That is what I think.

An Opium-Smoker's Deliverance.

In 'China's Millions,' Mr. D. Lawson gives the stories of some Lu-ch'eng converts. He says: 'The first to be baptized was our cook, Hsu Fah-ts'uen. He is naturally of a humble disposition, though prior to his conversion he was b'tterly opposed to the Gospel. When he heard the truth preached some few years ago, and was told that he could only hope to be delivered from sin and from the opium habit through Jesus Christ, he laughed, and said, "The idea, that I can't leave off smoking opium, a habit that I learned myself!" and so ignored the thought of salvation by Another. Shortly afterward he gave up smoking opium for a year, and seemed quite self-satisfied; but, alas! he became a victim again, and to a greater extent than ever. More than a year and a-half ago his friends advised him to come here and break off the habit. They told him that his nephew, who is a bright Christian, was here, and that he had become changed, having given up opium, and even tobacco; and so they expected him to reform also. He came, but only to break off opium, he said; and he was determined not to become a Christian. However, he had not been long here before the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, and of his inability to save himself; and he was subsequently led to Jesus. Since his conversion his growth in grace has been very steady, and his walk such as to adorn the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

A German Baby Castle.

(John Stuart, in Temp. Record.)

You have read, and perhaps seen, something of the many Homes in England for Orphans, for cripples, and for fatherless children, and you cannot fail to have heard of the hundreds of children's hospitals.

It is not so easy to learn of similar good works carried on over the sea in many European lands. And as you may not for years, perhaps never, have a chance of seeing them, I propose to tell you a little about a work which is done at 'Bethel,' in the Ravensberger Land, in Westphalia or Western Germany.

This wonderful place was started in a simple way thirty-five years ago to take care of epileptics, men, women and children who have sudden and unexpected fits. They are not insane; they can often work between the attacks; but they are a great trial to those about them. One of my Sunday scholars lost situation after situation as a shop assistant through this very cause.

In 1872 this Bethel Colony came under the presidency of Pastor von Bodelschwingh, whose father was once Prime Minister of Prussia, and whose mother was a lady of rare goodness. He lost four boys and girls from diphtheria and so learned to sympathize with the distressed. Under his care Bethel has become a very big place, sheltering 3,000 inmates, most of them epileptics. They are in different houses and cared for by House-Fathers or House-Mothers. They do a little work if they can. Some men who have lost fortune and position through drink are also sheltered, and whatever gift or capacity a man has it is turned to account. One little boy, who is epileptic, spends most of his time catching house mice for a penny a dozen. He saves his earnings for a fund which sends missionaries to black children in East Africa.

When Bethel was twenty-five years old a new house was built for the children, and it was paid for entirely by pennies contributed by the children outside in Ravensberger Land. Another time a farm had to be bought because it contained a spring, and more water was needed for so many patients and helpers. The price was £2,500, so Pastor Bodelschwingh asked the people round for 50,000 shillings for as many quarts of water. They sent him 60,000.

People help in various ways. One woman collected corks until she had a garret full, and these were sold to a maker of linoleum floor-cloth. A great many people send postage stamps, and the epileptic children spend much time in cutting them off the envelopes; the paper is sold to the merchant.

But I want specially to tell you about the homes for the children. Most of these are consumptive and epileptic because their parents had weakened bodies through heavy drinking. Every care is taken of the little ones but they generally die early, and they are taught not

NEEDLESS.

(Elizabeth B. Cumins, in 'Youth's Compa nion.')

'Oh I'm going to name this big daisy,
And I know whose dear name it will be.
'T'will be some one I love very dearly,
I'll see if he really love me.'

So the plump, little dimpled pink fingers
Began tearing the petals away,
While her rosy lips tried hard to murmur
The words she had heard others say.

'Then, "he loves me"—oh dear what a bother,
I have pulled off a lot—that won't do,
I must pull off each petal quite slowly,
But one at a time till I'm through.

'No, I never will take all that trouble,
For what nonsense the whole thing must be,
Just as if I could need any daisy
To tell that my papa loves me.'

to be afraid of death. Above all, they are shown how to be kind to each other, and it is wonderful to see the way in which a little toddler of three will be a sort of mother to another that is not yet two.

The Germans, as you know, make much of Christmas, and so it is a great festivity in these Bethel homes. A little fellow of seven, named Heini, was dying of hip disease. He was wasted to a skeleton and his one desire was to see a Christmas, for his parents were Jews. They brought him near the Christmas tree, where first a short service was held. Everything seemed bright and beautiful, and he said, 'What must Heaven be if this poor earth is so full of light!'

About the same time there was a little girl name Jeannie, swathed in wadding because of scrofula. Her mother was dead, her father in prison. She loved church and hoped there were churches in heaven. When she heard of the lady missionaries to Africa, she handed Sister Lina the one halfpenny in her play box, given her by some visitor. After that in her cot she put out her bandaged hand to all the visitors asking for pennies for the same good cause. Before she died she had nearly £10, and got another child to write a letter: 'Dear Uncle Pastor, I think I am going to Heaven now; I would have liked myself to give you this money for the poor black children, but I am so weak now, so this is for them with Jeannie's love.'

In this Baby Castle or orphanage, there was a very tiny child who grew so little that the others called her 'Mousie.' When taken to see the Christmas tree, she lifted her little hands, smiled feebly and was gone to Another Land.

Laura was an older girl, almost ten, and greatly troubled because 'Mousie,' her pet, had died. Laura's childhood had been all misery. The visiting sisters had found her utterly neglected and very shy. One day she had denied to the 'auntie' in charge some naughty act. She could not sleep. Another little girl stepped from her cot saying: 'Do you know that our auntie is crying in the parlor?' And Laura rushed into the parlor, saying: 'Oh, auntie, I have told a story.' She never told another, but till death called her was the kindest of nurses to the little dots around her.

The children of the house-fathers and mothers grew up in health and gladness and are a great delight to the suffering patients. But there is no intoxicating drink in all the great colony of Bethel, all of whose branches have Bible names such as Sarepta, Nazareth, Siloam, Zoar, and Ephralah.

'How the Seed Cakes Grew.'

(By Carrie A. Griffin, in 'Congregationalist.')

From the moment that Dorothy arrived at Grandpa Crosby's she began to ask questions. She had never been in the country before and everything was new to her.

She followed Grandpa into the orchard, across the field and down to the vegetable garden questioning every step of the way.

'What do you frow all those things away for?' she asked one morning as Grandpa was scattering something over the ground.

'Grandpa's planting seed,' he said, 'so that lots of good things will grow for you to eat.'

'What kind of things?' asked Dorothy.

'O, peas and beans and melons,' said Grandpa.

On the dinner table that noon there was a plate of seed cookies, and as Dorothy was eating one she asked:

'What I bite my tooth on in this cookie, Grandma?'

Grandma laughed. 'Maybe it's a caraway seed,' she said.

'Is that what makes 'em grow?' asked Dorothy.

'I guess so,' said Grandma. Her little granddaughter asked so many questions that she often answered at random.

Dorothy ate five cookies, and no one noticed that she picked out the seeds and laid them beside her plate. An hour later she came into the house with a silver fork in one hand and Grandma's fritter-turner in the other.

'O, Grandma!' she cried, 'I've planted 'em, just like Grandpa did. How soon will they grow?'

'Planted what, child?' Grandma asked, looking at the little girl's soiled frock.

'Cookie seeds,' said Dorothy, gleefully.

When Grandpa heard of it he said: 'It's too bad for the child to be disappointed. Have you any more cakes in the house, Mother?'

Mrs. Crosby said that she gave the last one to Dorothy that morning.

In the afternoon the baker's cart stopped at Grandpa Crosby's door, and shortly after Dorothy ran excitedly into the house. 'O, Grandma!' she cried, 'come out quick and see my cookies; they've growed up beautifully.'

Sure enough there were six scalloped seed cakes half way out of the ground in Dorothy's garden.

'But they didn't grow like your cookies, Grandma,' said Dorothy. 'These have all got holes in 'em. Isn't it strange?'

And Grandma thought it was very strange. I think so, too, don't you?

The Think Part.

(By Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

Harry had not come in actual contact with death until he was nearly five years old, when a man died in the neighborhood. He stood at the window watching the funeral and asking questions.

In order not to arouse that dread of death, so keen in most children, and from which she had anxiously guarded him, the mother was careful in her replies. After hearing the explanation of the presence of the hearse, casket and carriages, however, he seemed greatly puzzled and could not understand why Mr. Brown should be carried off in a box and buried in the ground when he had gone to heaven already. His mother found no difficulty in explaining that the old wornout body would never again be of use, but it was an entirely different matter to reduce the definition of the part that went to Heaven to the comprehension of so young a brain.

'The soul is the part that goes to Heaven, Harry, it is—it is,' here she floundered hopelessly.

'Oh, I see, mamma, it's the Think part,' answered Harry.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 30.

David Spares Saul.

I. Samuel xxvi., 5-12; 21-25.

Golden Text.

Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you. Luke vi., 27.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 24.—I. Sam. xxvi., 1-12.
Tuesday, Aug. 25.—I. Sam. xxvi., 13-25.
Wednesday, Aug. 26.—I. Sam. xxiv., 1-8.
Thursday, Aug. 27.—I. Sam. xxiv., 9-22.
Friday, Aug. 28.—Ps. lvii., 1-11.
Saturday, Aug. 29.—Ps. cxlii., 1-7.
Sunday, Aug. 30.—Ps. xxxiv., 1-22.

5. And David arose, and came to the place where Saul had pitched: and David beheld the place where Saul lay, and Abner the son of Ner, the captain of the host: and Saul lay in the trench, and the people pitched round about him.

6. Then answered David, and said to Ahimelech the Hittite, and to Abishai the son of Zeruiah, brother of Joab, saying, Who will go down with me to Saul to the camp? And Abishai said, I will do down with thee.

7. So David and Abishai came to the people by night: and, behold, Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster: but Abner and the people lay about him.

8. Then said Abishai to David, God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day: now therefore let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time.

9. And David said to Abishai, Destroy him not: for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?

10. David said furthermore, As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him; or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into battle, and perish.

11. The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed: but I pray thee, take thou now the spear that is at his bolster, and the cruse of water, and let us go.

12. So David took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster; and they gat them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked: for they were all asleep; because a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them.

21. Then said Saul, I have sinned: return, my son David; for I will no more do thee harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day: behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly.

22. And David answered and said, Behold the king's spear! and let one of the young men come over and fetch it.

23. The Lord render to every man his righteousness and his faithfulness: for the Lord delivered thee into my hand to-day; but I would not stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed.

24. And, behold, as thy life was much set by this day in mine eyes, so let my life be much set by in the eyes of the Lord, and let him deliver me out of all tribulation.

25. Then Saul said to David, Blessed be thou, my son David: thou shalt both do great things, and also shalt still prevail. So David went on his way, and Saul returned to his place.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

Between the last lesson and this one we have a somewhat extended account of the wanderings of David as he flees from Saul, who is determined to kill him. The difference between the two men is well brought out, for, though Saul seeks constantly to slay David, David refuses to kill Saul when he has him in his power in the cave. It was a time of severe trial to David, but he did not become revengeful.

In the Scripture between this lesson and the last there is also mention of the death of Samuel. This great man, who had been a judge, a soldier and a prophet, as well as in some sense a priest, and who had anointed Israel's first two kings, passes from the scenes of his labor during the years of Saul's decline and of David's advancing influence among the people.

In the present lesson we have the account of a second time when David spared Saul. Saul made a great ado in the first case, weeping, acknowledging David's righteousness, declaring that he knew David would be king, and asking him to swear that he would not injure Saul's family. David evidently knew Saul's disposition very well, for he did not, after the meeting in Engedi, relax his vigilance.

Presently it was reported to Saul that David was hiding in the hill of Hachilah, and Saul started after him with three thousand men. David had six hundred. The lesson for to-day recounts this second instance of David's self-restraint and his respect for the Lord's anointed.

Two parts of the chapter are included. In the first we have:

1. David Prepares for a Bold Move, 5, 6.
2. Abishai's Proposition, 7, 8.
3. David's Noble Principle, 9-11.
4. The Proofs of their Visit, 12.

After departing from Saul's camp, David calls to Abner and rebukes him for his lack of care of the king. Saul also hears David's voice and enters into conversation with him. It is concluded in the second part of the lesson.

5. Saul Again Acknowledges His Guilt, 21-25.

David had learned from his scouts of the location of Saul and his force, and had approached the camp of the king. He at once determined upon a bold move. He saw where Saul lay, and would go over into the midst of his sleeping army. We shall see later his purpose.

David spoke to two of his men, asking who would go with him. It was a hazardous undertaking, at least it seemed so to men, and David wanted a brave companion. Abishai, who was David's own nephew, at once responded to his uncle's invitation. The other man asked, Ahimelech, is spoken of as 'the Hittite,' for he was of the great nation of the Hittites, north of Palestine. Their existence was for a time doubted by learned Bible critics, but researches in Bible lands have recently resulted in proving, aside from the Bible statement, that they had an actual national existence.

In verse 5 Saul is referred to as lying 'in the trench,' which is understood to mean within the barricade formed by the waggons of his army. Having found a suitable companion, David is ready now to enter this barricade and approach the sleeping monarch.

At night David and Abishai make their way to Saul's camp, and to the very side of the unconscious king. His spear was stuck into the ground at his head, probably as a sign of the royal presence. In the East, even in modern times, a similar use of the spear, to indicate the whereabouts of the chief, has been noticed by observers of semi-barbaric tribes.

Abishai at once, as told in verse 8, sees in the situation the hand of Providence. Here is a chance to put David's murderous enemy out of the way forever. Saul is asleep, and his spear waits for Abishai to take it and give the sleeping king one swift, silent thrust, and all will be over. Notice that Abishai offers to do it for David, and that he promises he will have to strike but once. A struggle would arouse the men around the king and David's career would be cut off at once.

Perhaps it was a real temptation to David. As a warrior he would be justified in slaying his enemy. Then, too, Saul had proved unjust, treacherous and ungrateful to David, and was compelling him to live like an outcast. Why not accept Abishai's view of the situation, and, by a nod of consent, end his troubles with Saul? There lay the royal form on the earth before him, in body 'every inch a king,' but David had a kingly soul, one too lofty and magnanimous, too full of God's Spirit, to stoop to an evil or unmanly deed.

Then David forbade his companion to harm the king, 'for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?' Further, in verse 10, David leaves Saul to the vengeance of God.

In Psalm liv., written concerning this very occasion, David exclaims, 'Behold, God is mine helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul. He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: cut them off in thy truth.' David would not take upon himself what belonged to God.

There is a lesson here for this very time in which we live. We are taught that rulers are the ministers of God, and that they are to be obeyed and respected, yet it is becoming common for a mob to ignore authority, and to shoot down a sheriff, or other officers, in order to wreak vengeance upon a criminal. As far as human judgment can see, David had far more reason to put Saul out of the way, indeed, they may be said to have been at war, though a battle was not actually fought, yet David sets aside his own feelings and interests, that God's will may be honored. Teachers all over the land should enforce this thought, in a time when 'mob rule' and 'lynch law' threaten the peace and the safety of so many communities.

By causing Saul and his men to be in deep sleep, God protects his upright servant. With the temptation the way of escape opens.

After David had gone from Saul's camp, taking the king's spear and cruse of water as proofs of his visit, he called to Abner, the captain of the king's army, and rebuked him for not protecting his master, 'the Lord's anointed,' and showed the spear and cruse. Saul was wakened also, and David addresses him, asking why he is thus still hunted from place to place.

Then Saul made an abject confession and an apology, just as he had done before, acknowledging that he has sinned and promising that he will no more harm David. David then asked that someone come and get the king's spear, and further reminds Saul that he spared him because he was the Lord's anointed. His faith in God is shown by his appeal in verse 24. Saul blessed David, and foretold great things for him; then they parted.

One of the important things to be remembered in this lesson is that we are not to mistake every opportunity to yield to our own inclinations as Providential. The man or woman who is Spirit-led, as was David, will readily see the difference between temptation, in the guise of opportunity, and a true principle of righteousness.

Next week we have the lesson, 'Death of Saul and Jonathan,' I. Sam. xxxi., 1-13.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Aug. 30.—Topic—Our duty to the stranger. Deut. vii., 7, 8; II. Chron. vi., 32, 33. (Home Missions.)

Junior C. E. Topic

Monday, Aug. 24.—Jealousy at home. Gen. xxi., 9, 10.

Tuesday, Aug. 25.—A nation from a boy. Gen. xi., 13.

Wednesday, Aug. 26.—An Old Testament lad. I. Sam. iii., 9, 10.

Thursday, Aug. 27.—A New Testament boy. John vi., 9.

Friday, Aug. 28.—An Old Testament girl. II. Kings v., 2, 3.

Saturday, Aug. 29.—A New Testament girl. Matt. ix., 24, 25.

Sunday, Aug. 30.—Topic—How God saved a perishing boy. Gen. xxi., 14-20.

Temperance

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

[The Kilgour family are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking and the evil life it has led him into. The death of his brother, Willie, seems to arouse his weakened manhood, and he is allowed to go to work in a shop, since he will not attend school. It is soon found that he is continuing his evil course of stealing, lying, gambling and using tobacco.]

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Almost simultaneously with the arrest of the prisoners, Ralph Kilgour arrived on the scene, accompanied by Mr. Hector Gaspard, man of letters and breeding, city clerk, and father of Adrien, one of the misguided runaways.

The story of the crime can best be told in Claude's own words, when put on the witness stand at the assizes:

'We never intended to kill the old man. We had made our way along without harming anyone. We wouldn't deign to rob a poor person, but we have no use for rich, old curmudgeons who don't help humanity. We are socialists and believe in equal rights for all parties, and that the bloated rich man should be forced into sharing alike with everybody. Whatever we took from anyone who had too much (a series of robberies had been traced to the trio) we always shared up with the first fellow we came to who was in hard luck. When we got to this hamlet we found ourselves down in our luck. We'd been put off the freight and needed money to get on with. We found out about this old man and made up our minds he had got to disburse. He had more hid away than he would ever use. He was an old man, though, so we made up our minds not to scare him or harm him, but just to tell him our views and make him come down reasonably. We waited till dark, and then we started for the place. When we knocked at the door he opened it and asked us who we were, and we told him just some visitors who wanted to see him on important business. We pushed in, and he lit a lantern. My pard (indicating Adrien) told him what we had come for and how we had got to have some of his pile, and if he wouldn't give in quietly we'd get it anyhow. The old man showed fight, so we tied him up and gagged him while we searched the room. We found forty-three dollars in a little tin box on a shelf, and we were looking for more when we saw a light. It seemed to be coming across the field. We got frightened, and we made up our minds to quit with what we had. The old man didn't seem scared, but he was very angry. I think he understood we didn't intend to do him any harm, only just to teach him a lesson that it wasn't good for rich men to do as he was doing. Frank told him that we were going to ungag him and set him loose, but that he must promise not to raise any outcry for at least twenty-four hours. Then Adrien and I ungagged him, and he set up such a row that we didn't untie him. Frank took out the revolver and told him if he didn't stop instanter he'd be a dead man. We had begun to be scared at the noise he was making, and Frank did that to frighten him, but Adrien thought maybe Frank was in earnest, and he said:

"We'll gag him again and leave him here." The old man was quiet by that time, and Frank said, "Will you promise to do what we ask?" The old man wouldn't answer, and then Frank and Adrien began to row. Frank was for threatening him till he promised to give in, and Adrien was for leaving him tied there, and getting away. Adrien tried to get away the revolver, and it fell on the floor, and I picked it up and said to the old man:—"Here, now, you'd better give in!" Before God, I didn't intend to shoot, but Frank made a grab for the revolver, and it went off and hit the old man. Adrien said, "Now you've done it!" and we all got away as quickly as we could."

Cross-examination failed to elicit much change in Claude's original story. Adrien Gaspard's evidence substantially agreed with that of Claude's; Frank Fulton denied every detail which would tend to set blame on his own head and charged Claude and Adrien with all responsibility. Adrien stuck to the story of the altercation as related by Claude, but it could not be determined by his evidence as to which of the other two the crime rested upon. Claude stoutly denied any intention to shoot when he picked up the revolver, and he maintained that he had meant nothing in the way of a threat when he advised the old man to surrender. He had picked up the weapon because, although Frank had borrowed it that day, it belonged to him, and he intended to put it into his pocket and end the altercation, but before he could do so, Frank had reached for it and the shooting had occurred.

Thus the issue rested between Frank Fulton, a young man nineteen years old, who had possessed an unsavory reputation as a transgressor from early boyhood, and Claude Kilgour, who, despite his extreme youth, had displayed such a total lack of remorse and emotion, such an unabashed front to the court, that the hearers set him down as the most hardened young reprobate of the three—a degenerate, a moral idiot.

The judge's speech to the jurors was marked by depth of feeling, profound thought and judicial understanding of the case from every standpoint. He used to the uttermost his advantage to point out the awful effects of yellow literature on the youth of the generation, to refer to the evils of cigarettes, of bad companionship and of defective home training. He pointed to the late alarming increase of youthful criminals. He likewise discoursed well and soundly upon the prevalent and pernicious practice of the free handling of firearms by foolish, wicked and irresponsible persons, pointing out that scarcely a week, even a day, passed that did not unfold some fresh tragedy of 'accidental' shooting. It was becoming too much the fashion to threaten, whether in jest or anger, and in either case it should be regarded and punished as a crime. It would take only heroic measures to check this fast-growing evil, which was engendering in the breasts of many, carelessness with regard to the sacredness of human life. Where firearms and threats were freely used in connection with a foul and cowardly robbery, the question of actual intention was an unimportant issue. The life had been taken, human blood shed, and it was high time a grave example should be made.

The verdict was 'Guilty.' The sentence was, fifteen years imprisonment for the lad Gaspard, and hanging for Frank Fulton and Claude Kilgour.

(To be continued.)

Always the Wine Glass.

Miss Ricketts writes in 'Our Sisters in Other Lands': 'I once asked several Chinese artists, in different cities, to illustrate for me the parable of the Prodigal Son. Most of the artists were heathen, but heathen and Christian alike depicted the far country as an opium den. One artist went further back than the story, and showed the two brothers as children walking out with their aged father, the prodigal showing his unfilial proclivities by refusing to hold his father's hand, while the elder brother is dutifully clinging to the old man. Another artist skilfully introduced the household dog barking at the figure in rags, in whom he failed to recognize his master's son. All artists represent the father and son meeting, without the father's open arms and kiss; he simply stands and the son kneels to him. The feast is always a great feature, at which, alas, foreign wine-glasses hold a conspicuous place, showing that the Chinese consider wine as a necessary part of foreign festivity.'—'Spectator.'

Brandy in Fainting Fits.

The question is often asked, What shall we give when a person faints, in place of brandy or sal volatile? 'Health' has a word to say on this subject: 'To give spirits to a person who has fainted, is a mischievous custom. Allow the patient to come to and then let him slowly drink a cupful of cold water and no harm is done. But if brandy is given the patient may pass from one fit to another, or become ill from the drink given. Persons subject to these attacks should keep out of close, hot and unventilated places. Tea and coffee should be largely avoided, and if women, they should not wear corsets. Men must not use tobacco in any form or drink intoxicants if subject to such attacks.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of August 8, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

France and England—July 8, 1903—Poem, by Sir Lewis Morris, in the 'Westminster Budget,' London.
France and England—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The New Pope—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Papal Elections—The 'Spectator,' London.
General Botha Speaks His Mind—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Reply to General Louis Botha, by Mr. Bennet Burleigh, special war correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' London, Abridged.
The Great Inquest—By Mr. A. C. Pigou, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in the 'Pilot,' London.
On the Laughter of Mankind—By a Tired Australian, in the Australasian 'Review of Reviews.'
Impressions of Macedonia, II.—By H. N. Brailsford, in the 'Speaker,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

York Minster—The 'Daily News,' London.
Angelo the Inscrutable—By Charles de Kay, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Love Importunate—Poem by Laurence Housman, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Wingless Hours—By C. G. F. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Where the Tullivers Lived—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Coleridge Swimming in the Strand.
On Calling a Spade a Spade—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
An Israelite on Judaism, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Snobbishness of Shakespeare—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Swimming—By C. W. Saleeby, in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Search for the 'Mother Lode'—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Heavens in August, 1903—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American.'

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Correspondence

THIRD LIST OF SUCCESSFUL TINIES.

Campbell Stevenson, Hazel M. Bishop, Ida M. Kelly, Marguerite McLaren, Gordon C. Hamley, age 8. M. R. Dow, George Filmore, Annie D. Allen, Edna Gordon, Nellie Dickson, Lottie A. Anderson, Morrison C. Hunt, Winifred C. Kent, Louie Johnson, Edna E. Chandler, Marjorie Gordon, Rhoda G. Morton, Effie Nelson, Bessie Mellow, May Hitchcock, Euphie A. MacKay, age 11. Bruce Martin, Arthur Johnson, age 7. Howard Allen, Bessie A. Cross, age 7. Elaine Taylor.

Peterboro', Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and I live on a farm two miles from Peterboro'. My big sister teaches me at home. I have only one sister and one brother, and I am the youngest of the family. I have a calf named Daisy and a big cat named Rolus. My cat jumps up on my knee for me to nurse him, and when I say 'Roll over,' he will roll over and over and look up in my face for me to rub him. I have two dolls and I call them Ada md Cora. PEARL IRENE C.

Tatamagouche, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the pretty little village of Tatamagouche. In summer we have a lot of amusements, such as bathing and boating, as there is a harbor here. I do not agree with Clarence E. P. about girls having so much time to read. I am in grade IX. in school, and have a lot of studies. I will close now, wishing the editor and the readers of the Correspondence Page a good time in the holidays.

'ROSE-BUD.

Etobicoke.

Dear Editor,—My mother took your paper about twenty years. But when I was seven years old my mother let me take it in my name, so I have taken it for seven years. My grandfather has taken the 'Witness' for thirty-five years. I had a very nice trip to Plattsville on the first of July. It is about two hundred miles from Toronto. We went by the lake nearly all the way. We saw the asylum at Mimico, and the mountain at Hamilton. I think I must close for this time. Wishing your paper every success, from your little friend, ALMA P.

Armington, Montana.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' Someone sends the paper to mamma, and I read it all through. We live about twenty-two miles from the city of Great Falls, which has two smelters, one for copper and the other for silver, both employing about three thousand men. They are run by water power, which is all got from the Great Falls of the Missouri River. There are two other towns closer to us than Great Falls. One is three miles away and the other one mile away. The one three miles away is named Belt and the other Armington. The stockyard is on the west side of our house, and two rivers run past on the east side. The names of them are Otter Creek and Belt Creek. Otter Creek empties into Belt Creek right below our house. This forms a large island, covered with small trees, a nice place for a picnic in the summer. There is a large butte about a mile away from our place, named Belt Butte. Some may wonder why so many things have Belt to their names. It is this way. Belt Butte gets its name from a ridge of rocks around it like a belt, the creek got its name from the butte, and the town got its name from the creek. For pets I have three dogs, Topsy, Ginger and Peggie, and a cat named Tim. I found the texts you mentioned in the last 'Messenger.' I will close, hoping great success to the 'Messenger.'

KENNETH W. H.

New Jersey, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I live in Brooklyn, New York, but I am staying here for the summed. I go out of doors all the time, and have a very good time. I am going to have a bicycle, and I shall enjoy myself very much. I have a garden with lots of flowers. There is a little girl up here I know, and we play croquet together. My uncle gives me the 'Northern Messenger,' and I enjoy it very much. I am very interested in the correspondence, and like to read the letters. I have no dogs of my own, but there are two dogs that live a little way off, whose names are Spot and Jet, and they come up and want to play with me every day. I am ten and a half years old, and my birthday comes on the 29th of December. DOROTHY C. P.

Rockwood.

Dear Editor,—I live in Rockwood. It is a very nice place. There are quite a few caves. There are two lime kilns in Rockwood; also Mr. Wood's knitting factory, and Mrs. Harris's woollen mills. There are three stores and one bake-shop. We have a nice schoolhouse here. Miss S. is my teacher, and she is very nice. My papa has taken the 'Messenger' over forty years, and the 'Witness' even longer. I am very much interested in the letters that have been printed in the 'Messenger.' I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. This is my first letter, but I will write again some time.

INA MAY G. (age 13).

Brown's Brae, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to church on Sunday evening; our preacher's name is Mr. R. We live eight miles from Dorset, which is our nearest village. The winters up here are not very cold, it being seldom more than twenty degrees below zero.

ROBERT H. BOOKER (age 13).

Harlem.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country near Rideau Lake. I am twelve years old, and go to school every day. I have to walk two miles, but I don't mind the walk, as there are more boys and girls to go with me. My teacher's name is Miss B., and we like her very much. I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger,' which I enjoy reading very much. My teacher's name is Mrs. G. There are quite a number of boys in our class, and we all like our teacher very much. PERCY C. B.

Seymour.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. We live on a farm about a mile from Seymour, where my father works. We have two cows and thirty-six hens. For pets I have four white rats, and my sister has two bantam hens. I go to day-school daily, and to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. My auntie in Springhill, N.S., sent us the 'Northern Messenger' for a gift at Christmas, and we think it is a very nice paper. I have three sisters and two brothers. We moved here from Nova Scotia about four years ago. Seymour is not a very temperate place, as there are saloons on nearly every corner, but I am glad to say that my father is a temperance man.

J. HENRY C.

Benton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live at the foot of Oak Mountain, a favorite summer resort, a cottage being built there last year; it is also a great place for picnics, as from the highest peak you are able to get a good view of the surrounding country. I go to the Presbyterian Church, which is about one mile from our place; I also go to Sunday-school. I came from England three years ago, and I like to live in Canada very much. WILLIAM S. (age 11).

Parry Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister and I are interested in the correspondence, as there are so many nice little letters. I have never seen one from Parry Sound, and I thought I would write one. Papa has lived here twenty years. It has grown a fine place since he came here rrom Owen Sound. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth grade. For pets I have one cat. My mamma went to heaven six years ago, and we are living with papa. I was glad to read a letter from Jean and Maggie Mack, North Keppel Ont, some time ago in the correspondence. E. M. M.

Belwood.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a few lines to the 'Messenger.' I go to the Presbyterian church. We get the 'King's Own' there, but I go to the Congregational Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger' there. I think it is a very nice paper. I am eight years old. I have one sister and two brothers. I am in the senior II. class at school. My teacher is Miss B. I like her very much. I have been away visiting a little friend of mine, and have had a very nice time. She had a party while I was there, and one day we went for a picnic to Burlington Beach. We went in from Hamilton on the eleven o'clock boat, and we came back on the two o'clock. We had to drive twelve miles.

M. R. D.

Picton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written any letters to the 'Messenger,' I thought that I would write one now. I was so afraid of that waste-basket that I did not think I would write. But I read a piece in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I could pick those chapters out of Samuel. I have taken the 'Messenger' since last Christmas. I had it given to me for a Christmas present. I think I will take it another year. The only fault I find with it is that there is not enough of it. I wonder if any other girl's birthday is the same date as mine, June 24th. I had a birthday party, and it rained and rained. I thought I would not have many guests, but there were fourteen. Some came before the rain and some came after. I had a lot of presents. I have one brother and two sisters. One of my sisters is in England, and the other one is in Clayton, and my brother is in England. My mother and father are dead. I came from England in 1900, in the month of June. I have been here three years. I am fifteen years old. England is a very nice place, as it is not very cold there at any time, in summer or winter. Everything seems to me very cheap there. I go to the English church, and am going to Sunday-school. It is very wet and rainy to-day, so I have to stay at home and write this letter. We have lots of apples and pears. We also had some cherries and mulberries, but the birds eat them and knocked them off the tree before they were ripe.

ELIZABETH R. S.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a mountain in our city, and in summer we go up and we have picnics there, and we look down at the bay, and it looks lovely. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from a little girl that is in our class at school.

MARY N. (age 10).

Mail Bag.

Maxwell, Ont.

Gentlemen,—The fountain pen was received, for which accept my thanks. It is indeed a valuable return for a little work.

I am pleased to have been able to introduce your useful paper to so many young readers. Yours truly,

L. STERLING.

Mrs. F. P. Pocock, Brockville, says:—'The "Northern Messenger" is all right. I think it is the cheapest paper and the best for any home where there is a family.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date theron is August, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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HOUSEHOLD.

For the Housekeeper.

A teaspoonful of sugar in the stove blacking will add to the luster of the stove.

To remove mud stains from dresses wash them with a little carbonate of soda dissolved in water.

Tinware may quickly be cleaned by rubbing it with a damp cloth, dipped in soda. Rub briskly and wipe dry.

Sour milk should be used for adding to the water with which linoleum and oilcloth are washed, for it will make them like new.

A tablespoonful of turpentine put into the copper will whiten the clothes boiled in it and will prove an economy both of soap and labor.

Gold lace may be cleaned by rubbing it with a flannel well dusted with powdered ammonia, and then polishing it with a soft handkerchief.

When soot falls upon the carpets it may be removed by sprinkling on plenty of finely powdered salt and sweeping off in the direction of the fireplace. Repeat until the marks are gone.

To clean white silk ties, rub them over with French chalk, and afterward hold to the fire. The heat will cause the chalk to absorb the grease, and a shaking or brushing will render the tie quite clean.—'Advocate.'

Evil Speaking.

A woman's society has been organized in Springfield, Mo., every member of which is required to sign this agreement: 'I do hereby solemnly pledge my word to speak no evil of any woman, whether such report be true or not. Any violation of this pledge, however, does not release me from its subsequent obligations, which are to continue for all time to come.' The New York 'Times' notes that the form of this promise is peculiar, in that it so frankly assumes the improbability of continuous observance of its provisions on the part of its signers, and obliges them to try, try again, if at first they don't succeed. To recognize the weakness of human nature at the outset of an undertaking is as rare as it is admirable, and the originator of the society, if she also drew up its pledge, is to be congratulated not less on her practicality than on the excellence of her intentions. Her idea might well be copied by other organizations, the basis of which is a vow to do or not to do some act the commission or omission of which is considered desirable.—'Watchman.'

Selected Recipes

Dried Rusk.—Dried rusk with milk make a good lunch dish now and then. For the rusk set a sponge with three cupsful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one yeast cake and flour to make a drop batter. When very light add one cupful of butter creamed with two cupfuls of sugar and four eggs, beat and raise again. Add flour to make a soft dough, knead until smooth, let rise again and form into small round balls. Put close together in greased pans, raise until doubled in thickness and bake in a hot oven. Let stand for a day or so then cut in two and dry in the open oven until a pale golden color all through. Put away in a dry place and they will keep for weeks.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, such patents being secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Nos. 82,079, William Dickie, Campbellton, N.B., shaft holder; 82,100, Herbert B. Fitz-Simon, Wapelle, Assa., stove lid; 82,212, Joseph Laurin, Maisonneuve, Que., Outsole stitching machine; 82,243, John McLean, Welwyn, Assa., scrub-hook; 82,253, Emile Carpentier, St. Felix de Valois, Que., gas generator; 82,289, Louis Rodier, St-Constant, Que., process for boring wells; 82,300, Hormidas Hamel, Granby, Que., peat machine; 82,303, Peter E. Penner, Cleveland, Ohio, boat propelling and steering mechanism.

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